

A
SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE
DEATH
OF

ELIZABETH HINDMARSH,

Who died SEPT. 6th, 1777;

In the TWENTY-FIRST Year of her Age.

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1778.

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WINDMILL

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A

SHORT ACCOUNT, &c.

ELIZABETH HINDMARSH was born at *Alnwick*, in *Northumberland*, May 20, 1757. She was sent early to school, and was very early instructed by her parents in the principles of Religion. Hence she was remarkably obedient to them, and blameless in her behaviour.

Yet when about eleven, she was deeply affected with a sense of her natural depravity. This put her upon earnest prayer, which it pleased God to answer with some intimations of his love. And although this did not continue long, yet she continued to walk circumspectly, and to love the ways and the people of God.

In February 1777, she was seized with a cough and spitting of blood, which although she had all possible help, soon produced a deep consumption. For some time she had hopes of a recovery, but from the beginning of May expected nothing but death. She

was now earnest in preparing for that awful change. And remembering her coldness and indifference in the time of health, she told her father with many tears, she was afraid God would not now hear her prayers. However, she continued calling upon him, to pardon her sins, and prepare her for himself.

About the beginning of July, she was removed to *Kingswood*, where Mr. *Bailey*, one of the masters, took every opportunity of conversing with her. But for several weeks she spoke little to him, being hindered by natural reserve, and by a consciousness that her heart was not right with God.

About the middle of August, finding he could not be of so much use as he desired, because he knew not the real state of her mind, after pressing upon her the shortness of life, the awfulness of eternity, and the dreadfulness of entering into a world of spirits, without the knowledge of God; he intreated her to tell him the whole state of her mind. She burst into tears, and thenceforth spoke without reserve.

He immediately pointed her to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!

world: and she was now encouraged to hope for his mercy, and to seek him with greater earnestness.

Yet she was not without various temptations. One day, being urged to watch and pray, to strive to enter in at the strait gate, she answered, "Nay, I need not *strive*: all that I have to do, is to *wait*; and God will do the work." But she was soon convinced that *striving* and *waiting*, rightly understood, are perfectly consistent with each other.

She continued in nearly the same state of mind, waiting and longing for salvation, altho' much incumbered with bodily pain, till Friday, Sep. 5. This morning, about eleven, she fell into a fit, which she took for a sign of her approaching dissolution. And now her excessive fears began. She cried aloud: She wept bitterly. She prayed with all her might, seeing the king of terrors advance with hasty strides. The curtain was now drawn aside, and she saw eternity without a covering. She trembled at the thought of meeting an angry God, and of having her doom fixt for ever.

This extreme dread for a while ingrossed her soul, and prevented her attending to any thing that was spoken. But when she was

a little more composed, she eagerly caught every word. All the afternoon she was deeply engaged in crying to God, to blot out her sins, and fill her with his peace and love. She frequently asked, "Do you think he *will* forgive me? and that he will take me to heaven?" Mr. B. replied, "Christ will answer for himself: Hear his own words: *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

It was a strange scene. Her senses were not in the least impaired, but her affections were all in a tempest. Hope and Despair by turns agitated her spirit. She mightily laboured to find the pearl of great price, crying to God, struggling with her unbelieving fears, hard toiling to make the blessed shore, till the tears trickled down her cheeks, and the sweat broke through every pore. When, wearied thro' long delay, she cried out, "O what must I do now?"

It was now God appeared. As her mother and Mr. B. were enforcing the promises of God to helpless sinners, she broke out, "I feel peace and resignation; but not *that* joy." She was answered, "Be thankful for what God *has* given; but rest not, till you have joy in the Holy Ghost."

Before

Before nine, there was heard a quick, sharp noise in her throat. She observed them whispering and asked, "Is not this what is commonly called *the Rattles*? How long does it come before Death?" One answered, "My friend was thus about an hour." "Oh," said she, what must I do? Have I but one hour to live? Alas! Alas! I have not that Joy in the Holy Ghost, which I long for."

We told her, These symptoms were not always limited to an hour. But if they were, it was easy for God to supply all her wants in a moment.

Before the clock struck ten, the Lord drew near, and satisfied the desire of her longing soul. She was filled with love, joy and peace in believing: Yea her cup ran over. She could now look with composure on Death, Judgment and Eternity; yea and rejoice at their approach. She grieved no more at the loss of health, friends, or all the world!

Till the Lord manifested himself unto her, she was full of pain and anguish: She could not bear to be moved in her bed, or even to be touched with a finger. But as soon as he appeared, she broke out into holy rapture, such as no tongue can speak. She
cried,

cried, " Happy ! happy ! happy ! I feel no pain now ! I am quite well ! O sweet Jesus ! I am going to heaven. Jesus is mine : He has washed me, and I am white as snow ; O happy ! happy ! happy !"

While her mouth was filled with blessings and praise to her adorable Saviour, her Soul was filled with peculiar regard to her dear Relations. " Write, said she, to my Father, and tell him I shall be happy ; tell him I am happy. Tell him, I am going to Jesus, where I hope to see him very soon."

To her mother she said, " O that my brothers and sister were here, to see how kind the Lord has been to me ! Write to them, and tell them, not to put off the great work to a death-bed. It will be hard work then. I have found it hard : but Jesus now is mine. It may be they will mind the words of a dying sister. Tell them, I am gone to glory."

She also remembered several of her acquaintance with peculiar concern. One who sat by weeping, she called by name, and said, " Weep not for *me*. O weep for your sins, and turn to God with your whole heart."

But

But her chief try was, " O blessed Jesus ! Sweet Jesus ! How sweet he is to my soul !"

About midnight she said to some that were present, " You had better go to bed. Go, take your rest, or you will not be fit for your work to-morrow. I shall have new work to do in heaven."

About this time her bodily pain returned. But her soul was all serene, as knowing that this light affliction would work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. She said, " I am in extreme pain. But why should I say so? He has been extremely good. He has forgiven me all my sins ! Thank him ! Love him ! Praise him ! Pain is nothing : but I want to be gone : I am a great while a-dying. But I am going to heaven : that is enough. The will of the Lord be done."

She then called her mother to bid her farewell, and desired her forgiveness, if she had ever done any thing to displease her. Her mother said, She did not know that ever she had ; and afterwards observed, She could not recollect, that ever she had been undutiful in any respect material. She then said, " I could wish my father were here : but I freely give him up. He has been a good father to me : but I have a
more

more tender father where I am going." When she had taken a solemn farewell of us all, she lay still for a few moments, but was afraid to sleep, lest she should lose any part of her heavenly treasure she enjoyed.

About four o'clock, thinking her release drew near, she said, "Is it not time to send for Mr. and Mrs. *Simpson*? They desired to be called if I grew worse: and I love to see you all by while I am dying."

But now the power of darkness made one more attempt to tear away her shield. And she yielded in some degree to the temptation, and was sore troubled, but it was not long before the Lord manifested himself again, and fixt his abode in her heart. She was filled with his pure and perfect love, and broke out, "O, I am a long while a-dying! I long to be gone, but I must say, Lord, Thy will be done!" And pointing to her breast, she said, "Happy here! Happy here! I am full of heaven: yet there is room for more: come, sweet Jesus! Take me quickly: guide me thro' the dark valley of the shadow of death! I have no doubt: heaven is sure, Jesus is mine, for ever and ever!"

Her mother asked her whether she would like to recover? She said, "Ah no, not for a thou-

a thousand worlds. I would not change my condition, for the happiest state that life can afford!"

Sat. 6. On the dawning of the light, she seemed disappointed to find herself on earth: having said more than once, "I shall spend a blessed Saturday and Sunday in glory: To-morrow will be my first sabbath in the regions of blifs. * Mr. *Wesley* will be here to-morrow: but I shall not be here. While he is singing praise to God below, I shall be praising him above."

She asked some who stood by weeping, "Why do you weep? Am not I going to Jesus? They answered, "They were weeping for joy to see her triumphing over death."

About eleven o'clock, looking at the fire she said, "Ah! Who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can dwell with everlasting burnings? But the pain I now feel is all the hell I shall have. O sweet Jesus, thou art mine. Happy! happy! happy!"

Between twelve and one she was scarce able to speak. But the heavenly glory which shone

* And so it was.

shone in her countenance, declared the blessed state of her soul, and astonished the wondering beholders. One asked, "Is Jesus still precious to your soul?" She said, "O yes! He is precious indeed. Sweet Jesus, Come quickly! Take me! Take me quickly, I long to be gone: blessed Jesus, Come! O happy! happy! happy!"

One asking if she would be content to stay with us till to-morrow? She said, "Yes, if it is the Lord's will. But I would rather go to-day: I would rather go now! Come, sweet Jesus!"

About two, one asking her to take a little nourishment, she said, "I will eat no more in this world." About three, a friend, coming into the room, she looked at him with a smiling countenance, and said, "O, I am happy! I shall not long be here: I shall soon be in paradise." Not long after, she whispered to her mother, "I shall be in paradise quickly." She then drew her breath once or twice, and expired without a groan.

F I N I S.

